



Stand Without Hitching

Today I went to work in an extra-gang. You may think it presuming in me to tackle a position of such responsibility, and you may garner an idea that, at last, my ambition is taking a definite, tangible form; that at last I am utilizing my vast and unexplored resources in the interest of good roads and safety first.

Now I do not wish to exaggerate my great ability or to throw any bouquets at myself, no matter how conscious I may be of the general appropriateness of doing so. The reader has already learned from my previous protestations that although I am averse to "panning" myself so also am I averse to conducting an "individual petting party" in honor of myself. Therefore I will pass lightly over my various virtues and general all around abilities, outside of actual work. On that score I reserve the right to speak favorably of myself—and when I hit the hay of an evening with conscience clear of all entangling influences, such as doubts and misgivings of a labor well done, I want the Worker to open its columns to a few well-chosen words of self-praise. This is something I cannot trust or allow anyone to do for me; you see they might not do justice or they might do me by overdoing both.

It was only after careful consideration that I finally decided to become great. There being so many kinds of greatness (to choose from) it was really difficult to pick out the proper kind of greatness suitable for my complexion. After pawing over all the greatness I finally persuaded myself to become a great writer—tamping ties is only a side line with me.

Naturally I then proceeded to "concentrate"—the idea was to get an idea. To concentrate you close one eye and look with the dark one. Finally a crack appears in the darkness; that's the idea, and people who get 'em are called cracked. You continue looking until the crack widens; then before it can fade you grab a pencil and write it down. If you don't do it "right now" you're liable to forget it and the emancipation would be delayed just that much. I'm telling you its careful business, this being a great writer. The idea, you see, will look something like this on paper: "No wonder the master class are well organized, there are only few of them!" After writing that down you jot down some words this way: 1. Bucket; 2. time; 3. dinner; 4. too; 5. no; 6. valuable; 7. of; 8. to; 9. account; 10. waste; 11. on; 12. in; 13. it; 14. taking; 15. quit; 16. a; 17. to; 18. job; 19. only; 20. is; 21. a. (The trick is to make them make sense). With a pair of shears and a little carefullarity you separate them, one from the other, and then keep on "switchen" them around until they do make sense. This way for instance: Nos. 2, 20, 4, 6, 17, 10, 12, 14, 7, 21, 18, 19, 17, 15, 13, 11, 9, 7, 5, 3, 1. That ought to make sense. If you find that they make sense you may be sure that we have stumbled upon a great principle of technique. But the paragraph only forms what I call a "break" and has nothing to do with our "idea" which is our subject.

It is easy to organize parasites because they are few in numbers with hardly any triplets are no minor factors among these "figures."

Yet, considering sameness of opinion among the plutocrats, it is remarkable the number of difficulties Morgan encountered when he undertook to organize the Harvester Trust—he even had to keep the prospective members "locked up" in separate hotels so as to keep them from fighting until "he" got in his fine work. They simply would not agree, but they *did*; and the "dispossessed" farmer is an eloquent testimonial of "how well they agreed." Labor can agree equally well. They won't agree, but they *will*—and the dispossessed parasites will be every bit as eloquent an expression as is the raggedy Twentieth Century farmer. But labor may agree too late. Nothing like being on time.

Labor may agree only after they are bouncing around in B. V. D's. But why should we care? We are young and strong; big and husky—we're not helpless, nary one of us; we're not without power—let us organize it. Let every other man take out credentials.

Those delegates who have "become" disgraddened need not remain so. Their work has been the only work that has been *worth while* since history began. Everything else fades, but their work will remain, and they will yet organize the one big union of all labor to emancipate mankind from the wiles of the "special privilege fraternity." The delegates have been doing bigger work than they realize. All else has faded with time but their work stands! Revolutions have come and are gone—slaves are still slaves, but the untiring efforts of these delegates will eventually free them.

"What can we do to hold our membership?" Hand them a shovel. In other words, don't hold them; educate them. It is only through lack of knowledge they drop out. If they drop out it indicates they "dropt" in. Merely a formal call they made.

Don't hold them. Clinching shows a weakness.